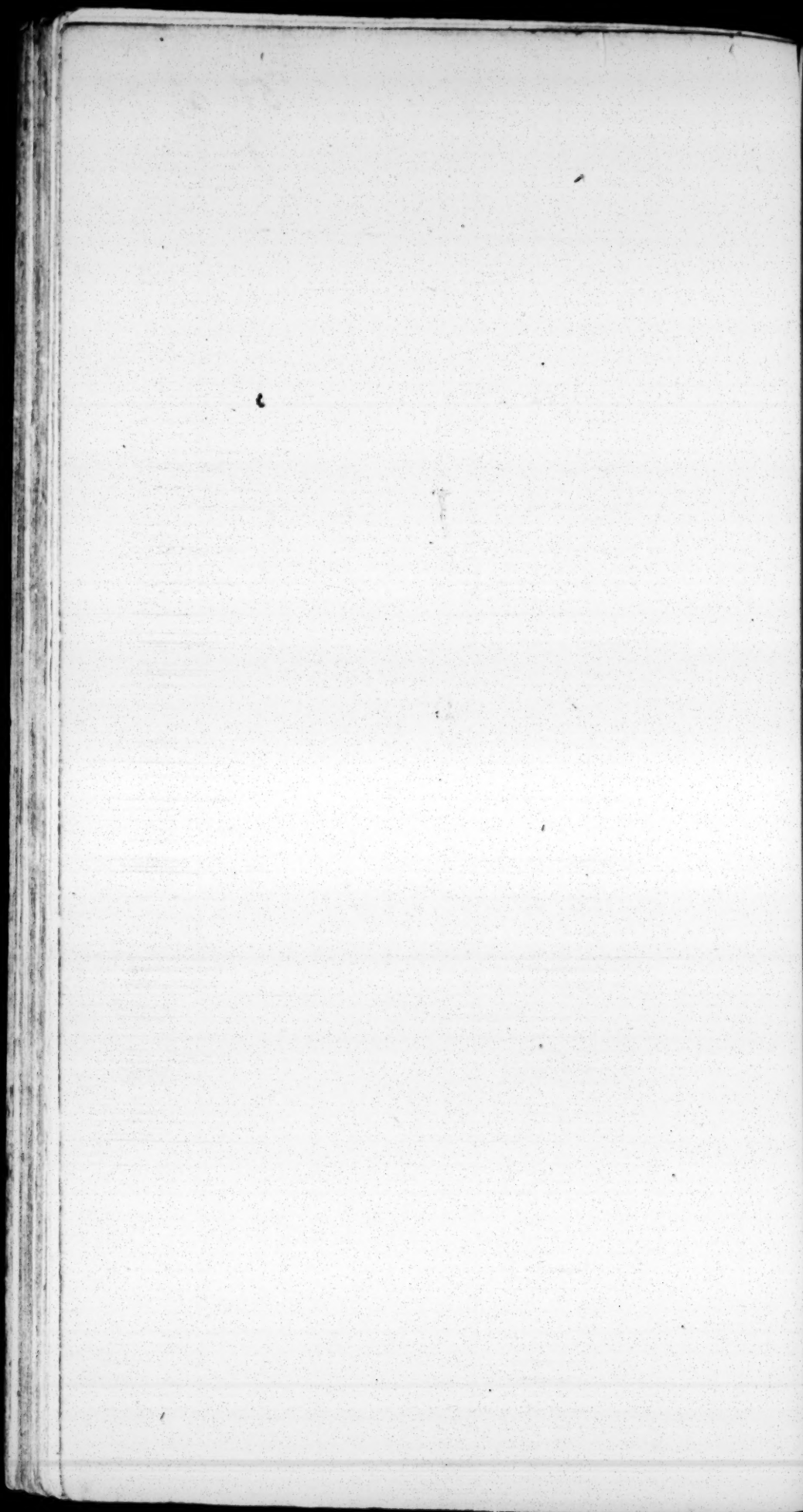


F. D. L.

A N
A C C O U N T
O F
Dr. *Quincy's* Examination
O F
Dr. WOODWARD'S *State of*
Physick and Diseases.

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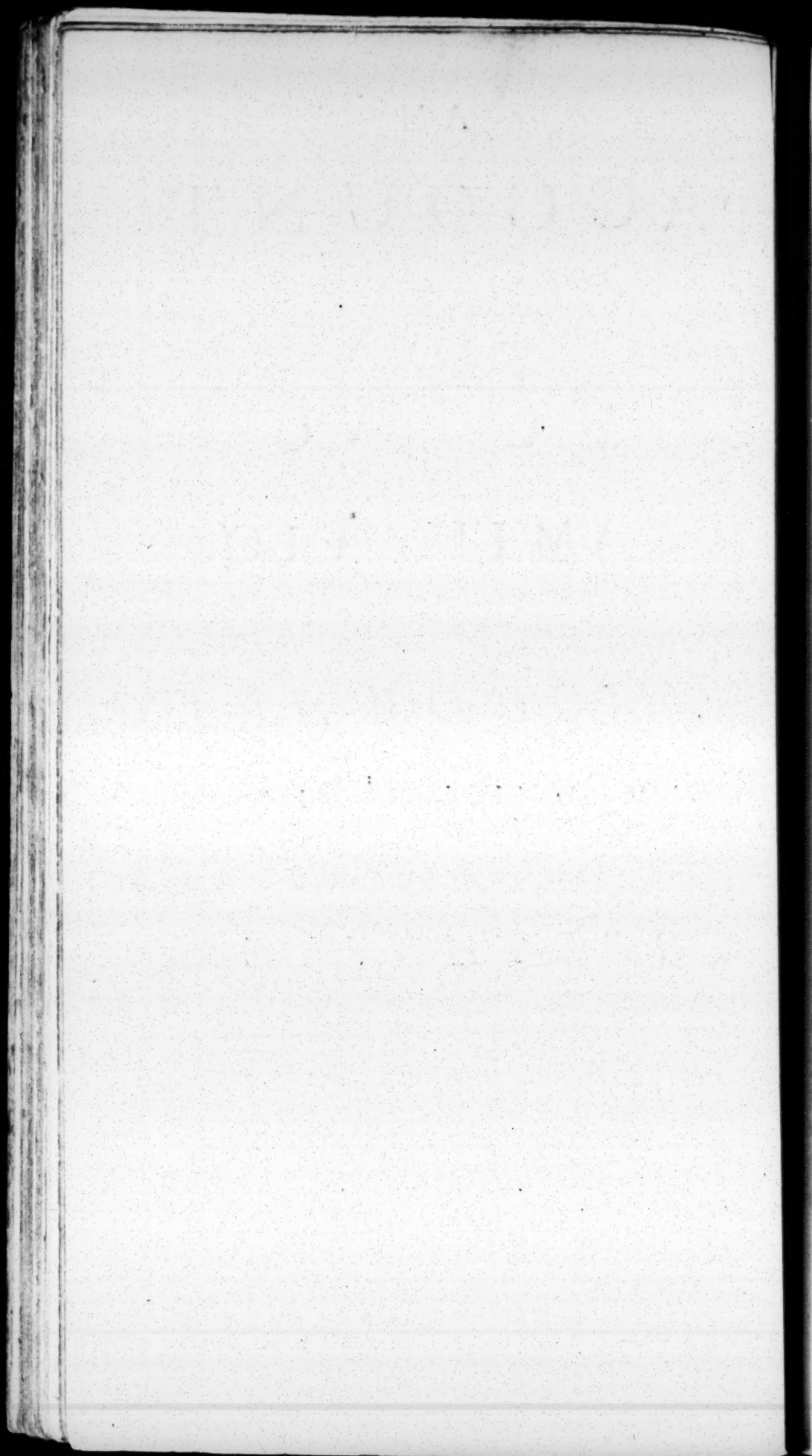


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AN
ACCOUNT
OF
Dr. QUINCY's
EXAMINATION
OF
Dr. WOODWARD's
State of PHYSICK and DISEASES.
In a LETTER to the
F R E E - T H I N K E R.

Quid Domini facient, audent cum talia Fures? Virg.

L O N D O N :

Printed: And sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, and A. Dodd at the Peacock without Temple-Bar. 1719. Price Six Pence.



Mr. *Free-thinker*,

I Fear not to be thought a Flatterer, when I join with the greater part of the *British* World, in acknowledging, that no Man could better acquit himself to the Publick, with regard either to the Title of *Free-thinker* or Office of *Censor*, than you have done and still continue to do. Your Judgments are as free as your Thoughts, and both as solid as they are free. Of the many good Qualities you have occasion to shew, in treating on such variety of Subjects, your Impartiality is that which has most gain'd my Esteem: Nor, to the best of my knowledge (and I assure you that I have carefully read over all your Lucubrations) have you ever pass'd Sentence, without the concurrent Approbation and Applause of the Brave, the Equitable, and the Learned. This makes me highly jealous

lous of your Reputation, which no Man, that loves agreeable Entertainment or sound Instruction, can see attack'd with Unconcern. Nothing has given more general Satisfaction than the Notice you have lately taken, and the Censure you have so justly pass'd, concerning the conduct of certain Men professing Science; who yet in a Controversy, wherein they are nearly interested, have appeal'd from *Button's* to *Billingsgate*, from the Pen to Club-law, from thence to the *Theatre*, and from thence again to *Bear-Garden*: For no Ground, though of their own chusing, can prove favourable to such Combatants. Some Gentlemen, no less provok'd at the indignity of their proceeding, than stirr'd up to a noble Emulation of your Self, have express'd their Detestation of Scholars acting like Porters, or answering Books in any Faculty, otherwise than by publishing Books again, by such as think themselves competent Judges of the Subject: And it must be confess'd, that they have handsomly expos'd the most unhand-some Method of returning Railing for Reason, and insipid Banter for serious Argu-

Argument. But for all these Admonitions from you and your Disciples, occasion'd by Dr. *Woodward's* Antagonists, they shew themselves still In-corrigible ; that is, in effect, Enemies to good Sense and good Breeding, to fair Dealing and polite Learning. Nor is it enough for them to go on abusing the *Doctor* (who equally scorns and pities them) if they have not a Fling even at the *Free-thinker* ; whose Abilities and Impartiality Men of groveling Spirits can no more bear, than weak Eyes the Sun. One Dr. *Quincy* has lately taken up against Dr. *Woodward* those Weapons that seem'd to be laid down as useless by others ; and has written a Book, which I am satisfied, without this Information, had never come to your knowledge, no more than the Author of it. This Person has had the Temerity to insinuate, that you were far from being that upright *Censor*, for which the World takes you ; as certainly no Man is such who judges by hearsay, or by the report only of one side. Now, this is the very Figure he makes you to bear, which is an offence I cou'd not lightly pardon

pardon in any one, tho' ever so ob-
 scure. He roundly accuses you of
 Preface having given such a turn to that
 Pag. 5. *Affair, as would lead an un-
 wary Reader into an Apprehension,
 that Dr. Woodward had been inju-
 riously treated by the Faculty.* These
 are his own Words, and the Excuse
 he brings for you is good Nature;
 which I suppose he understands in
 the same Sense, that certain Women
 of the Town do. But why, i'God's
 Name, does he hale in the Faculty?
 Must one or two Men, whose Pra-
 ctice is not in all respects approv'd
 by the *Doctor*, pass for the Faculty?
 Or has the World any reason to
 think that the Faculty will declare
 for these Men? which is what the
Doctor has never suggested, nor what
 any Man of Observation will ever
 have reason to say. To return to
 your self, Sir; I, that know with
 what Accuracy you read every thing
 that's considerable, and how much
 you disdain that vile Practice of join-
 ing in a Cry against what you never
 perus'd, was amaz'd to find Dr.

Ibid.

Quincy go on in the following
 strain. *This ingenious Censor*
judg

judg'd according to the representation made to him of this Affair, which was most certainly done by partial Friends.

These Expressions want no Paraphrase, and cannot be read by any of your Admirers without a just Indignation against the Baseness of the Suggestion.

Nor has he done yet. You are, it seems, a Creature so little fix'd in any conception you form of things, that you are ready to be carried away by every Man's idle Story: And therefore (to use still his own Words)

he makes no doubt, but you will lay the Fault on the other Ibid.

side, when the matter comes to be stated to you in a true light; that is, in the light which Dr. Quincy or his Patrons will give you; for he takes it for granted that you have never read Dr. Woodward's Book, nor any Book else concerning him. He imagines that Weekly Lectures of Learning and Virtue, are like Weekly Journals of Ignorance and Vice, in which things are put in and out, according as the Scribler is well or ill fee'd: And I know of one (to hint it by the by) who very probably got more Fees that way, than ever he'll do in the

B

Practice

Practice of Physick; which makes me wonder he has not kept to that Profession, which best befitted him. Thus, I say, are you treated, Sir: and if a Man has so little regard for himself, as to attack in this scandalous manner a Person, whose Honour and Integrity are allowed by universal Consent (which are Expressions your Modesty must bear from my Zeal) it will be no Surprise at all, if on other occasions he throws out whatever Malice or Mercenariness works uppermost. But questionless he'll soon be convinc'd, that he has taken the wrong way to make himself considerable. He'll find, that pleasing the World would be an easier Path to Gain, than pleasing one or two Men, if after all he has not displeas'd them; and that propagating of Scandal is no more like to purchase Fame, than for a broken Apothecary to become an opulent or well-reputed Physician. As for what more particularly concerns Doctor *Woodward*, he's already sufficiently vindicated by very able Persons, who have shewn, that all new and useful Discoveries, with the Authors of them, have been commonly treated in the
same

same virulent manner: To which let me add, that the loudest Opposers of such publick Benefactors have often endeavour'd to retrieve their own Reputation, especially in Physick, by silently falling into their practice; which I am credibly inform'd is now done by some of those very Persons, who appear the most incens'd against the *Doctor*. Indeed it is extremely shocking, to see Men leave the Argument (though to be sure they think it their Interest to have it forgot) and meanly to cavil at the Writer's Language and Deportment. Whoever knows the *Doctor*, knows at the same time, that he wants no Apology in these respects. But what if he did? Are these Points any thing to his Skill or to the Argument? A Gentleman, who admires Beauty and Innocence wherever he sees them join'd, having been where the Discourse was of Beauty, *Miss Meadows*, said he, is one of the finest young Ladies I ever saw, notwithstanding she has lately had the Small Pox; to which, though most of the Company readily agreed, yet he cou'd never persuade two of the least agreeable Females there to own it:

for one objected that her Hoop was not large enough, besides that she seldom play'd with her Fan; and the other, that she never spoke in double *entendre*, nor often but when she was spoke to. For these Reasons the young Lady is not a Beauty, and for as weighty ones Dr. *Woodward* has neither Skill nor Behaviour, nor consequently understands the Art of Physick. But this learned Gentleman, who's celebrated every where abroad, and esteem'd by all true Judges at home, wants not at this time of day to write for Fame or Fortune, whatever he may do for the Welfare of Mankind; and therefore in all probability, will say nothing to a Man, who in effect says nothing to him. Nor really does he say a word to the purpose for those, whose Quarrel he has taken up; which, whether it be done more out of Charity to them or himself, is not so difficult a matter to guess. The better however

to do it, let's hear him a little.
 Page 1. He says that, *upon the first perusal of Dr. Woodward's Store of Physick and Diseases, it seem'd to him of singular a Performance, and so far out of the common way of thinking, as*
made

made him believe it could never come into much regard, especially so as to require any publick Remarks. This verily is a most singular Observation: Since its being out of the common way of thinking, if it be not a strong Presumption of its being right, yet certainly is a strong Reason it should be narrowly sifted; and next to impossible it should not be publickly remark'd upon, since it attack'd what is by some but too publickly maintain'd and practis'd. This is a sad Beginning, yet very suitable to the End. The Man talks of *Clamour* and *Calumny*, of *Deceptions* and what not, scatter'd abroad by the *Doctor's* Friends:

whereas every body knows, Page 4.
that they sat quiet under the new accession of Reputation he has deservedly acquir'd, by a Performance so useful to the World; till his Antagonists, and such as they could hire, fill'd the Town with the most unmanly Scolding, senseless Drollery, and lewd Buffoonery, that were scarce ever known on any occasion, but never on such an occasion as this. He owns, it's true, the part which the publick very rightly takes in this Affair, as well as that
the

the clamour begun on the other side, which are Facts that could not easily be deny'd by the most effronted. But

Ibid. alas, the Reason is manifest: *They are more byass'd (says he) by their Affections than their Judgments; and, as such, are naturally inclin'd to interest themselves on that side which appears to have been injur'd.* O silly and soft-hearted Publick! You approve a Book because you like it, and you compassionate a Man that is injur'd! Who would ever appeal to the Publick after this? And was it not by reason of such weakness, think you, that one of Dr. Woodward's Friends made *An Appeal to common Sense?* Which without dispute is a heinous Crime, especially in a Divine. Doctor Quincy has not done with the Publick yet, as foreseeing belike that it will not prove very favourable to Himself or his Work. Wherefore he's resolv'd to cry Whore first. *The Publick,*

Ibid. says he very gravely, *is frequently show'd matters in false lights:* and I dare answer, for any light he's like to show matters in, that the Publick will never complain of being misled by him. But why this Out-cry

cry against the poor Publick? Since if we believe this Man, even against all the light of our own Eyes and Understandings, none, or very few, have read the Doctor's Page 5.

Book. Where's the Danger then, either to the Publick, or to Dr. Quincy's Patrons? Yea, Dr. Woodward's Book has not only not been much

read, but it neither requires nor Ibid.

deserves any notice at all, quoth our new Zoilus. Nevertheless, his Time lies so heavily on his Hands, that he's fully determin'd to answer it, ay marry will he: for which he gives as good a Reason, as I fancy he ever gave for any thing, and it is; that

though professing himself both a Ibid.

Stranger and an Enemy to all that has been hitherto said about it and the Author, yet he'll undeceive the World in relation to such gross misrepresentations as have been already mention'd, and that have been founded on its neglect. Dr. Quincy should have remember'd here, who they are that ought to have good Memories. What! an absolute Stranger to whatever has been said concerning this matter, and yet Scribble in order to set the Publick

lick right about them ! an Enemy to what has been said with regard to the Author, and yet declaim against him with more unfairness, indecency, and scurrility, than all the other *Jack-puddings* and *Merry-Andrews* put together ! What a hopeful Advocate is this, I was going to say Prostitute ? for such he plainly appears every where to be, especially to *Dr. Mead* ; who, if I do not mistake him, will not be over-proud of such a Second : at least *Dr. Woodward's* Friends will no more envy the one, than himself dread the other. But pray, *Mr. Free-thinker*, take due notice in your Paper of that stale and threadbare Pretence, *viz. that Books are read by nobody, nor worth any body's answering* ; when the very Men who say so, not only do their best to answer them, but make such a tragical noise, as if the whole World were in danger. This is to give the Lye to themselves, and to put the Publick upon reading, contrary to the Intentions of such Wretches. This Subject, Sir, if I may presume to give you my Opinion, deserves a Lecture or two by it self ; and among the numerous Pretenders, who usher into the

the World 'their trifling Answers to excellent Books with such an affected Preface, you cannot take your hint from any one with more advantage, than from Dr. *Quincy's Examination of Dr. Woodward's State of Physick and Diseases*. I am aware, however, that Dr. *Quincy* has something to say in his own behalf, at least his Patrons may do well to say it for him: which is, that he has no way contradicted himself, since he has not answer'd either the whole or any part of Dr *Woodward's* Book; and that he knows nothing at all about the *Doctor*, as he has no less wisely than truly affirm'd, no more than if he had never read him. Cavilling at Expressions the most apt and clear that could be us'd, racking things together that have no reference or relation, mangling Passages or martyring them by his forc'd Constructions, and misunderstanding the matter every where, or misrepresenting it, without offering any thing of his own that's significant or intelligible, nay not so much as justifying the Practice of those whom he pretends so profoundly to venerate, is all the Answer he has given Dr. *Woodward*

C

ward in a Book of 96 Pages close Print, and a Preface of 16. What has he been doing then all that while, will you say? Why, nothing else, Sir, but bespattering his Paper and the *Doct̃or*, without forgetting to dash your Worship into the bargain. Did I not scruple to take up much of the time you so generously devote to the Pleasure and Improvement of the publick; I could entertain you with several choice Maxims he lays down about not answering the *Doct̃or* at all, or nothing to the

Page 6. purpose: Such as, that *it is a difficult thing to answer him with seriousness*, which is the reason, without all doubt, why he and the rest have answered him only in jest; or, which is the same thing, pretended to answer him when they meant no such matter, and knew it to be wholly impossible. But if this will not do, there's still another bet-

Page 7. ter Reason in store; namely, *that the Doct̃or's Hypothesis is a trifle, he dares say, will not engage the attention of any one Person*: And I frankly own, that if nothing could be alledg'd against this Assertion, but
that

that it has prodigiously engag'd the Attention of Dr. *Quincy*, it might be as true as it is false; since, in the Opinion of others, as well as by this his own Confession, he's no Body at all. Well, if neither these nor the like Allegations will hold good, for not answering Dr. *Woodward*, or not answering him to the purpose; yet there are, it seems, some private Motives, some *Arcana* in Medical Politicks, why no body must answer him with truth or good manners: And Dr. *Quincy* has unluckily blab'd out the reality of this secret, in fairly acknowledging, that *no*

Page 111.

body has as yet engag'd with him on terms of Decency and Candor.

The Devil speaks Truth sometimes, nor did he ever make a more ingenuous Confession; but there are certain truths that might shame even the Devil himself, of which this cannot be deny'd to be one: For what Conduct towards any Man can be more Inhuman, or more Barbarous, or more Infamous? But the most amazing part of all is, that one who profess, as I shew'd you before, to disallow such a Proceeding, ay, and to be

be an Enemy to it, should fall into the same vein of ribbaldry and misrepresentation himself, with more Vehemence and Rancor (as all Pick-thanks over-act their parts) than his very Patrons or Masters, or whoever thought fit to loo him on. Those measures, which the Town condemns with no faint Marks of resentment, he giddily pursues, and pumps his Noddle to find an Apology for them.

Page 8. *He hopes the freedom he takes with the Doctor, the Acrimony and warmth with which he uses him, will not be thought greater than the peculiarity of his Style, and the usage he gives to others, will justify.* On my Word, a pleasant Defence of Defamation! Because a Man has a peculiar Style, as infallibly every Man has, he must not be allow'd to have either Sense or Learning, he must not be treated with Decency or Candor, he must be vilify'd, slander'd, dress'd up in a Sanbenito, and assassinated. O, but the *Doctor has given ill usage to others.* This, were it true, as nothing is farther from being so, would be no Excuse for Dr. Quincy, whose Name

Name was not as much as known to Dr. *Woodward*. Besides, that the Gentlemen he thinks injur'd could justify themselves, or they could not. If this last be the case, as most People are inclin'd to believe, Dr. *Quincy*, who allows 'em to be so much his Superiors, and who proclaims 'em the most eminent of the Faculty, could not in modesty hope to succeed better; not to speak of his Officiousness in thrusting his Sickle into other Men's Corn, though I will not say that he came unbid. Or supposing those Gentlemen thought themselves able to answer for their own Practice, what other Construction can be put upon their not doing of it? But that having something to do, and Dr. *Quincy* nothing, they devolv'd the Drudgery upon him, and likewise the Dishonour, in case their Defence should be deem'd insufficient. Do not imagine, however, that I blame him meerly for writing against Dr. *Woodward*. 'Tis every Man's Duty to warn the Publick of such Errors, as he judges may be detrimental or fatal to it: And should his

his Zeal exceed his Discernment, every other Man has a right to shew him his Fear was greater than the Danger. Nor, upon these self-evident grounds, would any Man be blam'd for Writing against the *Doctor's State of Physick*, as he himself has written against some things, that in the practice of others he judg'd Pernicious to Mankind, which was a very laudable Undertaking. But answering with Falshood and Invectives, is what neither any Author, nor others for him, will ever be able to wipe off. Wherefore as a flagrant Example, Sir, of such treatment, and as a thing to be detested and proscrib'd in the *Republick of Letters*, as well as to suggest (as you have often desir'd your Readers to do) a proper Topick for a new *Lecture*, I shall here present you with a small Nosegay of such Flowers or Weeds (of which your Eyes and your Nose are left to judge) as grow in Dr. *Quincy's* luxuriant Garden. In every Page almost he charges Dr. *Woodward* with a singularity and peculiarity of Style, to use his own Words, with a peculiar and affected way of Expression;

sion. His Language and Sentiments, says he, are equally peculiar, he has a strange swell of Sound, he writes in a confus'd and untelligible manner, he reads as well as writes without Ideas, he's incomprehensible and uses a deceitful way of talking, his expressions are awkward and uncouth, with a Thousand such Puerilities nauseously repeated. Then as to the *Doctor* himself, he's (if you'll believe his declar'd Enemies) rather the Object of Laughter than of Envy, producing a great deal of Ridicule and no serious Notice, taking all Advantages of Detraction, bringing every one's Practice into disrepute but his own, reflecting upon others, and inveighing against them at all Adventures and on all Occasions, a Thrower of Scandal for Scandal sake, spreading and fixing Accusations of reproach, and the greatest Merit (another Name for *Dr. Mead*) has the largest share of his Talent at Detraction. But this is not all, he's a Man who has no Meaning, full of himself, using sham Credentials, fond and bigotted of his own Conceits, supporting

porting a Scheme at all Adventures,
 contradicting the Sense of all Man-
 kind, and having a strange Inclination
 to differ from them; complimenting
 his own peculiar way of thinking,
 advancing stupendous things, contra-
 dicting Reason and Nature, leading
 People into a Maze and Wilderness
 of Contradiction, transgressing in such
 a manner on common Sense, as can-
 not easily be forgiven, and full of Ab-
 surdities very irksome to speak of. Now
 to use shorter expressions, Doctor *Wood-*
ward, according to Dr. *Quincy*, is Of-
 fensive, Absurd, Ridiculous, Palpably
 Ridiculous, Weak, Malicious, Disinge-
 nuous, Ill-natur'd, Conceited, Ignorant,
 Affected, Inconsistent, Contradictory,
 Insincere, Unjust, a Colluder, a Falsi-
 fyer, nay a palpable Falsificator, a
 Deluder, a notorious Deceiver, a Per-
 verter, a false Accuser, a Traducer,
 a Haranguer of the Populace, a Drea-
 mer, and a Hypothesis-maker. Then,
 as to his Doctrine and Practice, the
 Absurdities and Contradictions in his
 Hypothesis are numberless, he does
 not understand the Laws of Circula-
 tion or of Motion, he's a great
 Stranger

Stranger in Anatomy, unacquainted with the Animal œconomy, and ignorant of all mechanical Laws and Properties : he has a Passion to become considerable by Peculiarities and Contradiction ; he substitutes in the room of receiv'd and well-examin'd Opinions, Conceits and Guesſes of his own ; he puts off his Conjectures with the Air and Assurance of a System of Knowledge ; but his own System is arbitrary, inconsistent, and absurd, as his System and Machine of Man is worthy of the Author and Framer of it, he being entirely ignorant of the Mechanism of a human Body, and the necessary requisites to form a true judgment of it in Health and Sickneſs. He rambles through Fairy Paths and a bewilder'd Hypotheſis, his Practice with relation to Vomits is narrow and insufficient, injurious and destructive : and to ſum up all in one Paſſage (for we ſhould never have done if we particulariz'd all) Dr. Wood-ward has not drop'd one *Work, page 71.*
*hint, nor even one conſiſtent Sentence, comports with the Rules and Laws of Nature, either in his Idea of Man, his Account of Diſeaſes, or his Diſ-
D courſe*

course of Remedies. This is a Whapper with a Witness! but well agreeing with what he delivers in another place, where he fancies that

Page 51.

Dr. Woodward would not take it well, to have his fine Hypothesis made a foundation for the interpretation of dreams, and a mechanical Theory of nonsense; but it seems so exactly calculated, adds he, for such ludicrous purposes, that it is very difficult to make any other use of it. Now, Sir, should any Man that had the least Remains of common Sense or Prudence, tho' void of all Modesty and Honour, read over his own Work, and perceive the quarter of this abominable stuff, he would immediately strike out three parts in four of that quarter, in order to have the rest believ'd, or to make some impresson. But far be it from Dr. Quincy (who, great Man, scarce allows Dr. Woodward to be of human Race, and who's glad to find he will vouchsafe to think in any respect like other men) to blot out a Syllable of what he has once written.

Page 30.

Et quodcunque semel chartis ille ve-
rit, omnes,

Gestiet a furno redeuntes scire la-
cuque,

Et pueros & anus.

Horat.

Thus, Sir, an obscure Fellow, unconcern'd and unprovok'd, has with no less Impertinence and Scurrility, than Stupidity and Ignorance, endeavour'd to get himself some Name by attacking a worthy Physician, so successful, and at the same time so disinterested, as to be no less an Ornament to his Profession, than a good Angel to his Patients, being naturally of a beneficent and compassionate Disposition. Dr. *Woodward's* Fame is sufficiently spread among the learned all over *Europe*; he's as communicative as he's curious, and never more pleas'd than when he's obliging ingenious Men, to whom his choice Library and his rare Collection are always open. His Reputation for polite Literature, consummate Skill in Medicine, and a deep insight into the abstrusest parts of Natural Philosophy. is universally establish'd, not without sufficient grounds

to the confusion of Envy it self. His *Natural History of the Earth* was bought up with avidity (at the very first) by such Foreigners as understood *English*; till for the Satisfaction of such as did not, it was translated into *Latin*, not by a Hackney News-writer, or Bankrupt Apothecary, but by Dr. *Scheuchzer*, a famous Professor abroad. No Man (in a word) is oftner mention'd with Applause in print by the Curious, than Doctor *Woodward*; and the bare Correspondence between him and them may one day afford several entertaining and instructive Volumes to the World. So that, upon the whole, he's as different from his present Adversary, as Fame is from Obscurity, or Knowledge from Ignorance. So very ignorant indeed is the Animal that now barks at the Moon, as to join Mon-

sieur *Des Cartes* and Mr. *Locke*,
 Pag. 23. labouring hard to bring Matter and Thought together, which neither of 'em ever attempted. *Des Cartes* affirms the Nature of Matter and Spirit (which last with him is equivalent for thinking) to be so different, that they agree in nothing but

in being Substances: and Mr. *Locke* says, that the Nature of Body is not so well known, nor also the Essence of Thought, but that, for ought we can tell, a certain System of Matter may by God be endu'd with the Faculty of thinking. Yet he no where pretends this to be actually so. Thus, in another place our Man of Mechanism and Chymistry says, that *how a red colour should result from a mixture of Salts, that were none of them of that colour in a State of Separation, is hard to conceive*: as if the mixture of two or more Bodies of different Colours (be they Salts or what you please) nay of two things of the same colour, could not produce another colour perfectly different, of which every Dyer's Boy might certify him. Had he never the curiosity himself to make Sympathetick Ink, by mixing the infusion of *Saccharum Saturni* with that of Lime and Orpiment, none of which are black in a State of Separation, but clear as may be? Or does he not know, that common Ink is made of the infusion of Galls and Copperas? But why should I any longer spend yours
or

or my own time about one, who scarce opens his Mouth without making a Bull? Of which to give you an Instance or two, he talks of Men

Page 83. *whose curiosity may incite them to overlook this controversy, which is certainly an odd kind of Curiosity. I wonder what Country Man he is!*

Page 93. *This Repullulation, says he, speaking of the Small Pox, is known in many instances of this Distemper, by those who have been conversant therewith, though rarely; and five hundred more such blunders, that will not bear repeating.*

To name only one other, *the*
 Page 78. *Animal Spirits are in the Nerves as manifestly, according to him, as the Blood is in the Arteries and Veins; which must mean, that we see, and feel, and taste those Spirits, as we do the Blood: For if their existence be only inferr'd from effects, that may be ascrib'd to another cause, they are plainly disputable; and therefore far from manifest, though they should really exist. Yet all such Improprieties might be overlook'd, were it not for the impurities of his Style, which it is a Million to one but he*
 takes

takes for Urbanity. This puts me in mind of his Panegyric Flourishes on the Gentlemen he defends, which no body would Criticize or perhaps mind, were it not for his execrable usage of the Gentleman he opposes. His Patrons are not only Persons of Character (for which I hope they can vouch more than his Word) and very considerable in the Faculty; but also Persons that have deserv'd Dr. *Woodward's* Envy, by a Superiority of Reputation and Practice, and vastly Superior to taking any notice of him. Paper-Quarrels are as much below Dr. *Mead's* notice in particular, as his Character is Superior to all manner of Competition with the Promoters of them. Sometimes Dr. *Quincy's* Masters are Men of the greatest Eminence in the Faculty, and at other times the most eminent now in the Profession, those of the greatest Eminence in it; which cannot but infinitely oblige all the rest of the Physicians in *England*, no less than Dr. *Woodward*. 'Tis comical enough to see all Excellencies bestow'd with so prodigal a Hand, by a Man, who does not appear to have any one good

good Quality; but exactly resemble
Seneca's Gods, *omnia dantes nihil habentes*: Or rather he's like a Gypsy
 who begs a Penny from the Man
 to whom he promises Riches
 Never did any Creature crawl
 at such a rate. I heartily ask your
 Pardon, Sir, for occasioning your At-
 tention to descend so low: but, in a
 little time, I hope to make you a
 mends. Dr. *Woodward's* Writing
 cannot fail to gratify the Inquisitive
 and the Impartial, while the Prejudic'd
 and the Interested will continue to
 snarl, to calumniate, to give false
 Glosses, to raise a Dust, to rake in the
 Kennel, and to buffoon. I am,

S I R,

Your most observant

Friend and Admirer,

Middle Temple,
 Sept. 1. 1719.

N. N.

